

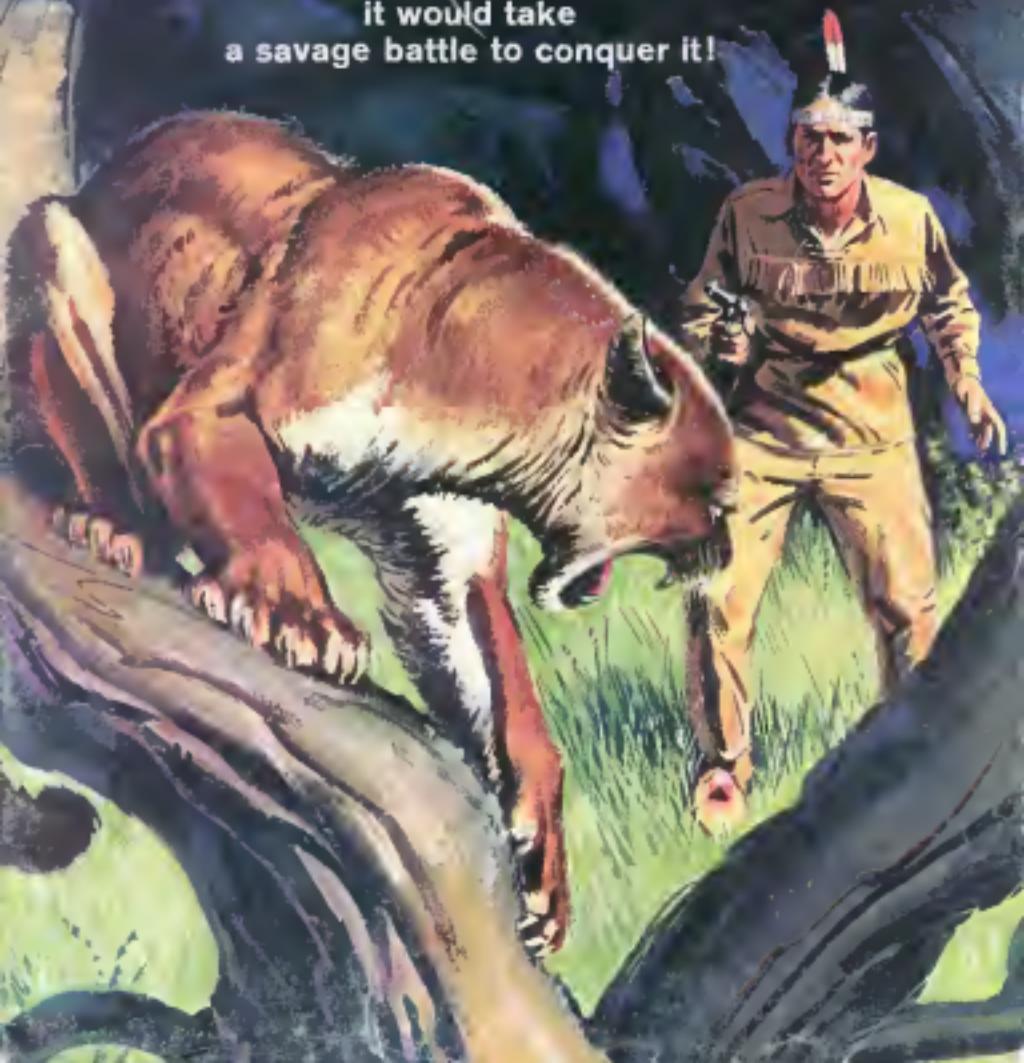
DELL

THE LONE RANGER'S COMPANION

TONTO

HOV-JAM
Still 10¢

"Fear of the Puma"...
it would take
a savage battle to conquer it!



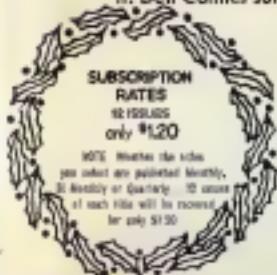


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T = TATTER

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TONTO

SUSPICION

NEIGH!

SO THAT IS WHAT
YOU SAW COMING,
SCOUT!



AS A BLINDING SNOW STORM LASHES
STONE BEAR'S CAMP, SCOUT'S PERSISTENT
WHINNEYING AND STAMMING BRINGS TONTO
FROM HIS TENT...

HE IS ALIVE! BUT UNLESS I GET HIM WARM
QUICKLY, HE WILL NOT LIVE OUT THIS DAY!

HOURS LATER, THE NOW WARMED RIDER RECOVERS.



HERE ARE SOME BRIGHT
FEATHERS I HAD WITH ME!
WOULD YOU LIKE THEM?
YES!

THE CHILDREN
HAVE CERTAINLY
FOUND A FINE FRIEND!

THAT NIGHT, A LOW MURMURING AWAKENS TONTO ...

NOT --- NOT --- YOU
CANNOT EXILE ME FOR
STEALING THOSE
HORSES ---



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

LET ME STAY --- DO NOT SEND --- ME OFF ---
FOR STEALING THE HORSES ---

SO THAT IS WHY ELK HORN
WAS CUT RIDING DURING
THE STORM! THE CROWS
EXILED HIM AS A
HORSE THIEF!

NEXT MORNING . . .

I AM GOING TO HUNT,
TONTOT! I WILL REFILL
THE GAME BAG FROM
WHICH YOU FED ME!

GOOD HUNTING,
ELK HORN!

HE IS KIND TO THE CHILDREN AND GRATEFUL
TO US --- BUT STILL, BY HIS OWN CONFESSION,
HE IS A THIEF!

SOON

STONE BEAR, I PAID TWENTY
BEAVER SKINS AT THE TRADING
POST FOR THAT STEEL KNIFE!
IT WAS A FINE KNIFE --- AND
SOMEONE STOLE IT!

WHO WOULD DO SUCH
A THING? WE HAVE
NEVER HAD A THIEF
IN OUR CAMP!

MAYBE THE STRANGER
DID IT --- THAT CROW
BRAVE!

YOU CANNOT
ACCUSE HIM!
HE IS OUR
GUEST!

THAT IS EASY FOR YOU TO SAY! BUT IT WAS MY
KNIFE! I AM GOING TO SEARCH YOUR TENT!

NO! I WILL NOT LET
YOU GO THROUGH MY
GUEST'S POSSESSIONS!

AFRAID I MIGHT FIND MY KNIFE IN THERE?
OUT OF MY WAY, TONTO!

GET BACK!



I HAD TO DEFEND ELK HORN FOR HE IS MY GUEST! BUT HOW CAN I ARGUE AGAINST MY TRIBE'S SUSPICIONS WHEN I KNOW THAT ELK HORN'S OWN TRIBE EXILED HIM FOR BEING A THIEF?



LATER.

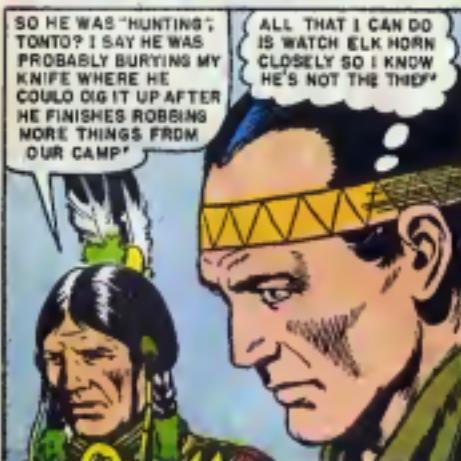
ANY GAME,
ELK HORN?

NO, THEY MUST HAVE ALL KEPT TO SHELTER AFTER THE STORM, TONTO! EXCEPT FOR A DISTANT RABBIT, I SAW NOTHING!



SO HE WAS "HUNTING"? TONTO? I SAY HE WAS PROBABLY BURYING MY KNIFE WHERE HE COULD DIG IT UP AFTER HE FINISHES ROBBING MORE THINGS FROM OUR CAMP!

ALL THAT I CAN DO IS WATCH ELK HORN CLOSELY SO I KNOW HE'S NOT THE THIEF!



LATE THAT NIGHT, TONTO SUDDENLY AWAKENS.

ELK HORN
IS GONE!





TILL HE CAME TO
OUR CAMP NOTHING
WAS STOLEN!

I SAY HE IS RIDING OUT
TO BURY YOUR SKINS
WITH MY HUNTING
KNIFE!

LATER---

I SEE NO MEAT, ELK HORN!

THERE WAS NOTHING
TO SHOOT AT ON THE
PLAINS!



OR WERE YOU TOO
BUSY HIDING FIVE
STOLEN SKINS
TO HUNT?

BURYING THEM WHERE
YOU CACHED MY
HUNTING KNIFE?



GET THE THIEF!

STOP! LET HIM
ALONE!



YOU SPOKE IN YOUR SLEEP!
IT IS TRUE IS IT NOT, ELK HORN?



IF YOU DID NOT STEAL ANYTHING IN THIS CAMP,
WHERE DID YOU RIDE WHEN YOU SAID YOU WENT
HUNTING, BUT BROUGHT BACK NOTHING? WHY
DID YOU LEAVE THIS TENT WHILE I SLEPT LAST
NIGHT? --- YOU DO
NOT ANSWER, ELK HORN.



RIDE WITH ME IN THE MORNING,
TONTO! THEN YOU MAY FIND THE
ANSWERS TO ALL YOUR
QUESTIONS!



NEXT MORNING.

ARE WE TO RIDE
OUT IN THIS WEATHER?

IF YOU WANT YOUR
QUESTIONS ANSWERED,
YOU MUST RIDE WITH
ME!



GET 'UM UP, SCOUT!



LATER

WE ARE
ALMOST
THERE, TONTO!

WHEREVER THAT MAY
BE! I KEEP WONDERING
WHY HAS HE TAKEN
ME SO FAR FROM
CAMP?



THIS IS THE PASS I WAS
HEADING FOR! NOW ALL WE
CAN DO IS DISMOUNT AND WAIT!

WAIT FOR
WHAT?



SOON

ELK HORN, SOMETHING
IS MOVING IN THE SNOW
BY THE PASS!

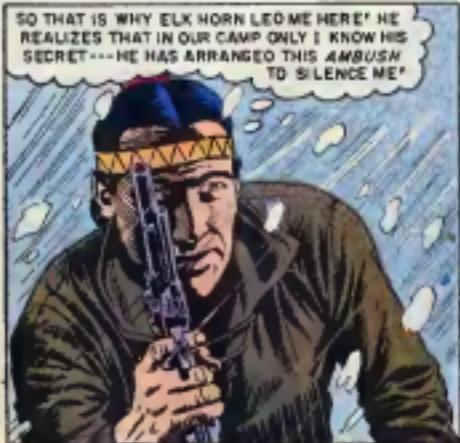


I WAS SURE
THEY WOULD COME!

CROWS! AND IN THEIR WINTER
CLOTHING AND ON WHITE
HORSES SO THEY CANNOT
BE SEEN AGAINST
THE SNOW!

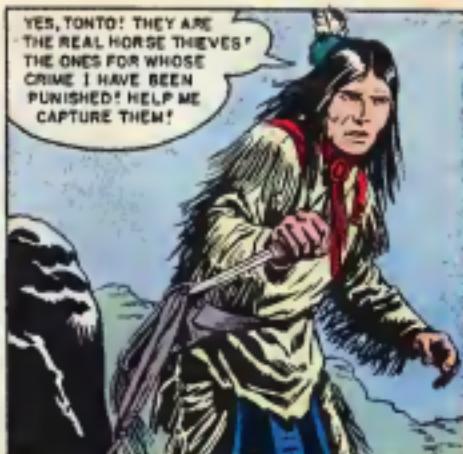


SO THAT IS WHY ELK HORN LED ME HERE! HE
REALIZES THAT IN OUR CAMP ONLY I KNOW HIS
SECRET --- HE HAS ARRANGED THIS AMBUSH
TO SILENCE ME!



WELL, HE SHALL FIND A WOLF,
NOT A RABBIT, HAS WALKED
INTO HIS TRAP!





THEY STOLE TEN ARMY HORSES FROM A NEARBY POST AND HID THEM! I SAW THEM RUN OFF THE HORSES AND I WAS SEEN BY A SENTRY! BECAUSE OF THAT I WAS FALSELY ACCUSED OF HAVING DONE IT AND I WAS EXILED!



I KNEW THEY WOULD FOLLOW ME! SINCE I WAS THE ONLY WITNESS AGAINST THEM, THEY WOULD WANT TO SILENCE ME! THEY HAD TO PASS HERE AND THIS IS WHERE I CAME WHEN I SAID I WAS HUNTING AND WHEN I SLIPPED AWAY AT NIGHT! I WILL BRING THEM TO THE YELLOWSTRIPES!



LATER, AS TONTO FINISHES TELLING THE CROW'S STORY...

THEN THE THIEF IS ONE OF OUR PEOPLES! HE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF ELK HORN'S PRESENCE, HOPING SUSPICION WOULD FALL ON HIM! I WILL GIVE THE THIEF UNTIL MORNING TO RETURN THE GOODS! OTHERWISE, HE WILL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED WHEN WE FIND HIM!

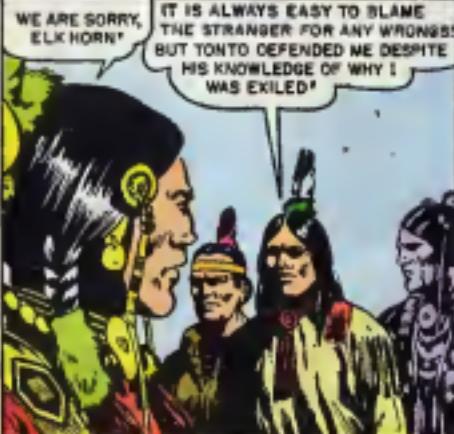


NEXT MORNING---



STONE BEAR, LOOK!
MY KNIFE AND THE
STOLEN SKINS!

WE ARE SORRY,
ELK HORN!
IT IS ALWAYS EASY TO BLAME
THE STRANGER FOR ANY WRONGS!
BUT TONTO DEFENDED ME DESPITE
HIS KNOWLEDGE OF WHY I
WAS EXILED!



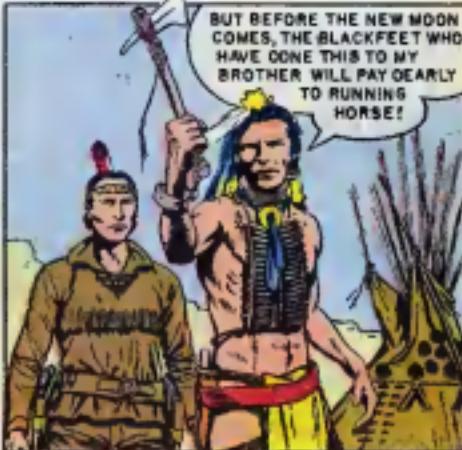
I CAME HERE AS A FRIEND AND RETURN
TO MY PEOPLE AS AN HONEST BRAVE
--- THANKS TO TONTO!



TONTO

THE PEACE PIPE WARPATH





NEXT MORNING.

STOP, RUNNING
HORSE! DO NOT
HARM HIM!

A BLACKFOOT!



THE BLACKFEET
ATTACKED MY
BROTHER---



STONE BEAR, THE CHIEF OF
THE BLACKFEET SENDS
GREETINGS! IN SEVEN SUNS,
HE WOULD HOLD A PEACE
POWOW AND END THE
FIGHTING BETWEEN
OUR TRIBES!

TELL HIM STONE
BEAR IS ALWAYS
READY TO SMOKE
THE PEACE
PIPE!

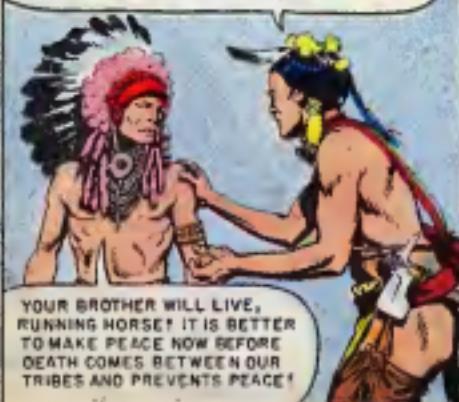


THEN MY CHIEF SAYS LET
NEW PEACE PIPES BE
MADE TO START THE
NEW PEACE!

I WILL SEND
BRAVES TO BRING
BACK THE STONE
FOR THE PEACE PIPE
AT ONCE! LET THE
BLACKFEET MEET
US HERE IN SEVEN
SUNS---!



NO! DO NOT MAKE PEACE WHILE MY BROTHER'S
WOUNDS REMAIN UNAVENGED, STONE BEAR!



BUT, STONE
BEAR--

--- YOU AND TONTO WILL GO TO THE
SACRED QUARRY AND BRING BACK
THE PIPESTONE FOR THE PEACE
PIPE, RUNNING HORSE! YOUR
CHIEF HAS SPOKEN!



YOUR BROTHER WILL LIVE,
RUNNING HORSE! IT IS BETTER
TO MAKE PEACE NOW BEFORE
DEATH COMES BETWEEN OUR
TRIBES AND PREVENTS PEACE!

BUT TONTO---

-- YOU HAVE HEARD STONE BEAR?
PACK YOUR HORSE AND LET US
RIDE OFF AT ONCE!

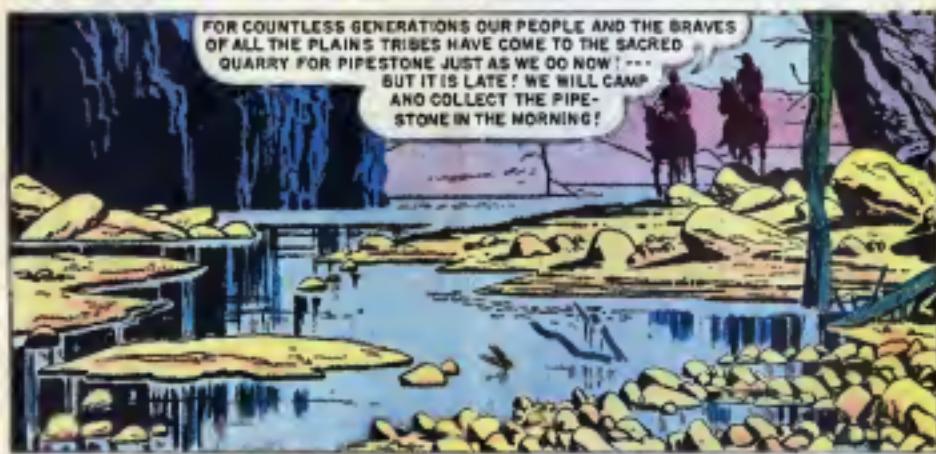


TWO DAYS LATER

WE HAVE TRAVELED FAR,
TONTO, JUST FOR SOME
STONE TO USE IN MAKING
A PEACE PIPE BOWL.

YES, RUNNING HORSE, BUT THIS IS
THE ONLY PLACE WHERE WE CAN FIND IT! ---

FOR COUNTLESS GENERATIONS OUR PEOPLE AND THE BRAVES
OF ALL THE PLAINS TRIBES HAVE COME TO THE SACRED
QUARRY FOR PIPESTONE JUST AS WE DO NOW! ---
BUT IT IS LATE! WE WILL CAMP
AND COLLECT THE PIPE-
STONE IN THE MORNING!



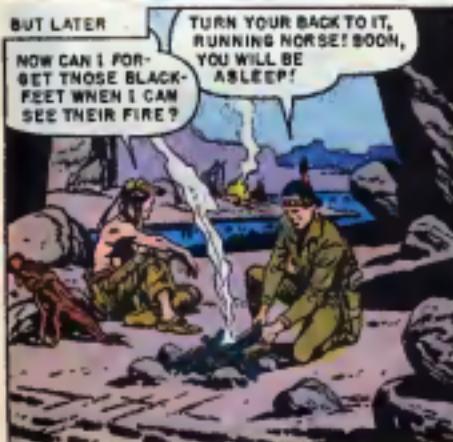
TONTO, LOOK! BLACKFEET!
AND FROM MY BROTHER'S
DESCRIPTION, THEY COULD
BE HIS ATTACKERS!

YES, THEY
ARE THE
ONES!

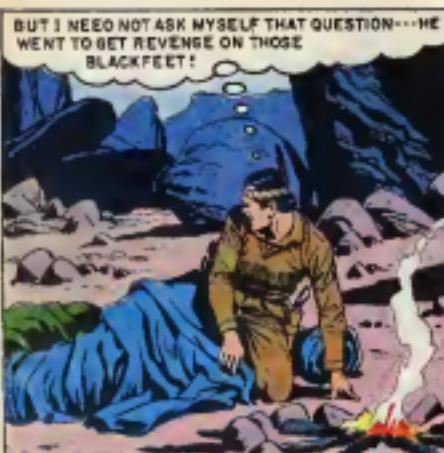


RUNNING HORSE
--- STOP!





BUT I NEED NOT ASK MYSELF THAT QUESTION---HE
WENT TO GET REVENGE ON THOSE
BLACKFEET!

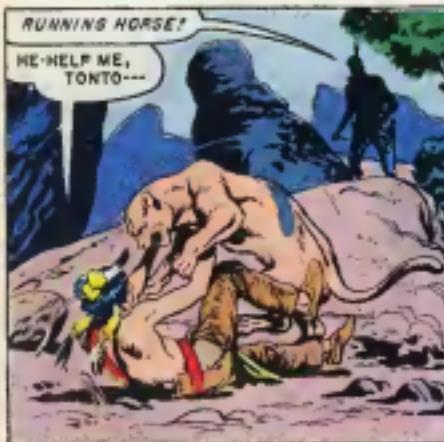


ARRGH!



RUNNING HORSE!

HE HELP ME,
TONTO---



NOW, RUNNING HORSE,
ROLL!





THE THOUGHT OF THOSE BLACKFEET SO NEAR
KEPT ME FROM SLEEPING; THEN I HEARD OUR
HORSES WHINNEY WITH FRIGHT AND WENT TO
SEE WHAT WAS WRONG! I CAUGHT THE PUMA
ABOUT TO JUMP THEM---
HE TURNED ON MET



NO, TONTO--- I RESPECT THE QUARRY AS
SACRED GROUND! BUT IT IS HARD TO REMAIN
HERE AND DO NOTHING TO AVENGE
MY BROTHER!



TONTO, ONCE WE ARE BEYOND THE SACRED
QUARRY--- THEN IT WOULD NOT BE BREAKING
THE GREAT SPIRIT'S LAW TO FIGHT THE
BLACKFEET, WOULD IT?

NO, RUNNING HORSE, IT WOULD NOT! BUT IF YOU DO THAT, THE PIPESTONE WE CARRY BACK WILL BE USELESS CLAY! FOR YOU WILL START A WAR BETWEEN OUR TRIBES!

I HAVE NOT STARTED IT! IT WAS STARTED WHEN THEY ATTACKED MY BROTHER!

IF THERE IS ANOTHER FIGHT, IT WILL NOT MATTER WHO STARTED IT! A PERSONAL FEUD WILL END IN TRIBAL WAR! IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?

N-NO!



I AM GLAD THEY LEFT AHEAD OF US! I WILL NOT SEE THEM AND BE TEMPTED TO ATTACK!

I AM GLAD, TOO! I REALIZE IT HAS NOT BEEN EASY FOR YOU TO CONTROL YOUR ANGER!



TONTO, IT IS AN AMBUSH?





REIN IN, RUNNING HORSE!
LET THEM RETURN IN
SHAME TO THEIR TENTS!
THAT IS PUNISHMENT
ENOUGH!



MY BROTHER
IS AVENGED!

YES, RUNNING HORSE,
BUT THIS WAY WE
DID NOT BREAK
THE PEACE!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

AS THE SMOKE DRIFTS FROM HERE TO THE LAND
OF THE BLACKFOOT, SO LET PEACE COVER
OUR LANOS!

AS THE BLACKFOOT CHIEF HAS SPOKEN,
SO SPEAKS STONE BEAR!



THESE NEW PIPES WILL BRING A NEW AND LASTING
PEACE! I KNOW MY BRAVES WHO DUG THE
PIPESTONE WAITED IN AMBUSH FOR YOUR
BRAVES BY THE SACRED QUARRY! THEY
HAVE BEEN PUNISHED SEVERELY!

DID YOU HEAR THAT,
RUNNING HORSE? THE
BLACKFOOT CHIEF IS A
JUST LEADER!



YES, TONTO, I AM GLAD I LISTENED TO YOU
AND KEPT MY HAND FROM MY WEAPONS! IF
WE HAVE PEACE NOW IT IS DUE TO TONTO!



"Battleground"



The tom-toms had been beating since sundown, and now, as the sky darkened, the flickering flames of the council fire sent orange sparks flying toward the star-filled sky.

Before the flames leaped the howling braves, working themselves into a frenzy which would end in an attack upon the white community.

There were some though who showed no enthusiasm for the coming battle. One of these was White Wolf, chief of the tribe. Of late the white men had been coming in increasing numbers. Their weapons were plentiful and powerful, and White Wolf knew all too well that the tide was turning in their favor.

Yet an injustice had been done against them. That very day a group of palefaces had stampeded the buffalo herd, and for no reason. It meant his people would be without meat for several days, and the anger against the palefaces had reached the bursting point.

With a sigh he got to his feet and entered his tepee. Peace was what he wanted, not war. If something would only bring his people and the palefaces together—but a cruel destiny was working against them. There were tensions and strife and the seeds of discontent from which only wars would spring. Wearily he lowered himself to the pile of buffalo robes. Slowly sleep lulled his seething brain.

He arose at dawn and donned his wo-

ta-we, his war charm with its pouches of special medicine dangling from the small wooden hoop. Cries and hoots reached him as the other braves assembled.

When he stepped outside, his scouts already announced that a party of palefaces, well armed, were riding their way.

"We must ride out and crush them first," shouted a brave. Soon his cry was taken up.

With a flurry of hoofs, the war party rode out with White Wolf in the fore.

Twenty minutes later he signaled his braves to a halt. Riders were appearing over a rise not 200 yards off. It was the palefaces, and the only thing between them was a broad belt of knee-high, prairie grass.

For a moment both sides wavered, the suddenness of their meeting rooting them to their spots. A moment later the spell was broken. A brave fired his rifle into the air. Now the panies plunged forward.

Bullets crashed overhead, but suddenly White Wolf pulled back on his pony's reins.

The other braves had seen it too. A billowing cloud of black smoke, followed by leaping flames. The dry prairie grass had caught fire.

When the whites saw it, their faces blanched as the wind swept the fire to greater heights.

At White Wolf's signal, the braves charged the encamping flames. Fire was even a greater enemy than the paleface. With the grass burned, the buffalo herd would never return, and there would be terrible hunger for the tribe.

But now the whites had joined in too. The fire was indeed a common enemy. The loss of the prairie grass would lay waste the plains and the cattle herds would hunger and die.

Thus, side by side, both the whites and the braves fought the flames to a halt. Now White Wolf and the paleface leader clasped hands.

"I reckon we can't fight each other now," grinned the white leader.

"No," smiled White Wolf, and in his heart he knew that peace had come at last.

THE PAINTED PONY

THE CHALLENGER COMES

NEIGH?

THE PAINTED PONY DRIVES HIS HERD ALONG! A HERD OF MARES, GROWING COLTS AND A FEW BACHELOR STALLIONS, STILL TOO YOUNG TO HAVE GONE OFF TO FORM THEIR OWN HERDS BUT SUDDENLY, ONE BACHELDR BREAKS RANKS WITH A CHALLENGING CRY...



CHARGING THE PAINTED PONY IN A SUDDEN CHALLENGE FOR THE HERO'S LEADERSHIP, THE RED STALLION ATTACKS...



BUT THE MORE FIGHT-EXPERIENCED PAINTED PONY QUICKLY SUBDUES THE YOUNG REBEL.



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, THE RED STALLION STIRS RESTLESSLY AGAIN. NO LONGER DOES HE WANT TO RUN WITH THIS OTHER STALLION'S HERD. HE SEEKS HIS OWN...



QUIETLY, BUT WITH DETERMINATION, HE NUDGES THREE OF THE OUTERMOST MARES AWAY FROM THE STILL SLEEPING HERD.

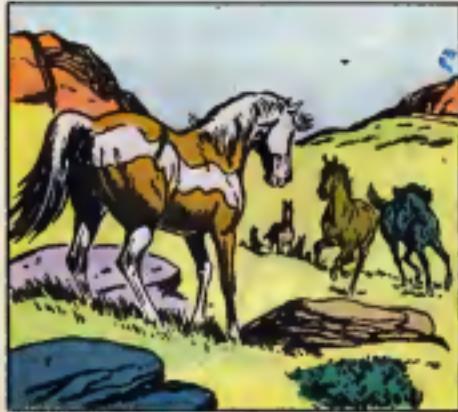
BUT THE WHINNEY OF ONE OF THE MARES MAKES THE PAINTED PONY START UP



BADLY OFF BALANCE, THE PAINTED PONY LANDS HARD ON ONE LEG! PAIN STABS THROUGH HIS BODY.



IN THE MORNING, TWO OTHER YOUNG BACHELORS FEEL THE TIME HAS COME TO ASSERT THEMSELVES!



BEFORE THE PAINTED PONY CAN GET TO HIS FEET, THE SNORTING RED STALLION IS UPON HIM...



IN VAIN, THE PAINTED PONY TRIES TO REGAIN HIS FEET! THE PAIN IS TOO STRONG! HE CAN ONLY WATCH AS THE RED STALLION RUNS OFF THREE OF HIS MARES...



THOUGH LIMPING FROM HIS FALL, THE PAINTED PONY HAS TO FIGHT! INSTINCTIVELY, HE KNOWS IF HE DOES NOT PROVE HIS LEADERSHIP NOW, HIS RULE OVER THE HERO WILL BE ENDED FOREVER...





AS ONE BACHELOR FALLS, THE OTHER BACKS OFF' ALONE.
HE DOES NOT WISH TO FACE THE PAINTED PONY!



THEN THE PAINTED PONY DRIVES HIS HERO INTO A NEARBY
ROCK CANYON! ONCE INSIDE, HE IS SURE THEY WILL WAIT
THERE FOR HIM...



FOR HE KNOWS HE MUST FIND THE MISSING MARES AND
BRING THEM BACK! IF HE FAILS TO DO THIS, OTHER
BACHELORS WILL THINK HIS POWER IS ON THE WANE AND
THEY, TOO, WILL CHALLENGE HIM! QUICKLY, HE PICKS UP
HIS MARES' SCENT.



HOURS LATER, THE LIMPING PAINTED PONY, HIS BODY ACHING,
FINDS HIS REWARD...



HE KNOWS HE CANNOT OUTRUN THE BACHELOR BECAUSE
OF HIS PAINFUL LEG! HE MUST FORCE A FIGHT HERE!
CIRCLING, HE MAKES FOR THE BACHELOR SO HE CANNOT
ESCAPE! THE RED STALLION SEES HIM AND LEAPS UP
TO MEET THE ATTACK...



HOOF'S RAKE, TEETH SNAP, AS THE STALLIONS CLASH



DESPERATELY, THE PAINTED PONY MAKES A POWERFUL LUNGE.



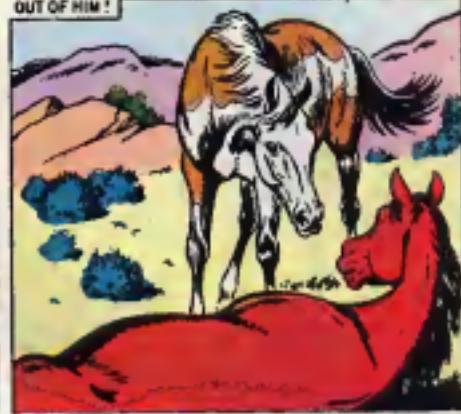
SOON, THE RED STALLION LUMBERS TO HIS FEET AND TROTS OFF! HE IS TOO OLD NOW TO RETURN TO THE HERO! HE MUST SEEK A HERO OF HIS OWN, BUT HE KNOWS NOW HE CANNOT STEAL FROM THE PAINTED PONY!



BUT HANDICAPPED BY HIS HURT LEG, THE PAINTED PONY FIGHTS A LOSING BATTLE



THE RED STALLION LANDS HARD! THE FIGHT HAS GONE OUT OF HIM!



INTO THE CANYON, THE PAINTED PONY DRIVES THE THREE MISSING MARES WITH A TRIUMPHANT BELLOW! NOW THE OTHER HERD BACHELORS KNOW HE IS STILL MASTER! A CHALLENGER HAS COME, BUT THE PAINTED PONY STILL RULES!



TONTO

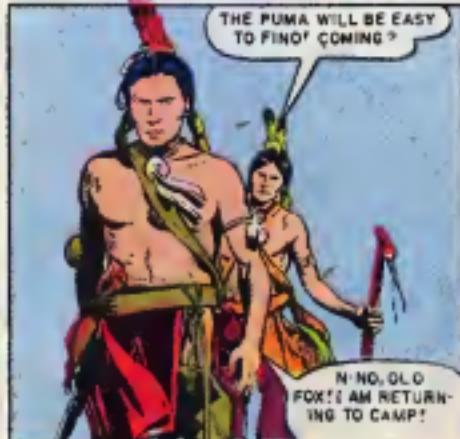
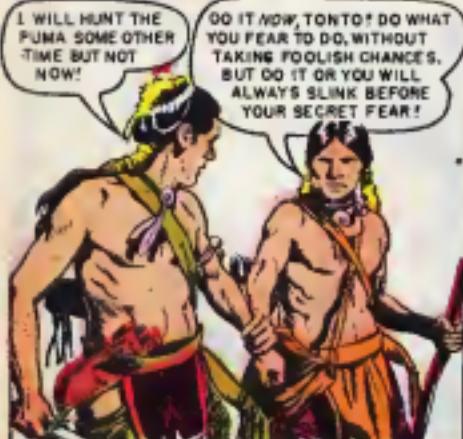
FEAR OF THE PUMA





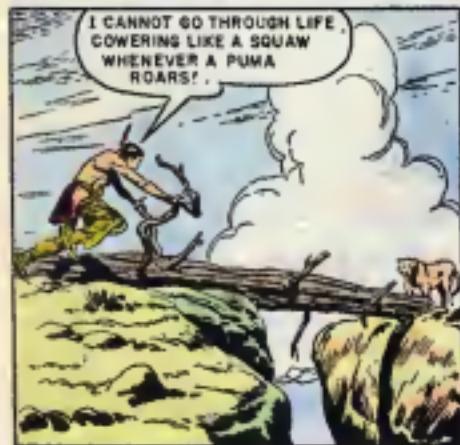
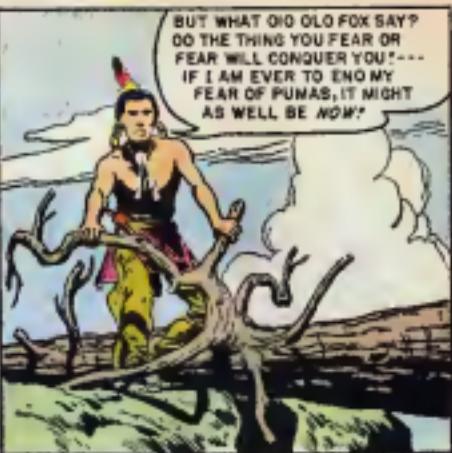


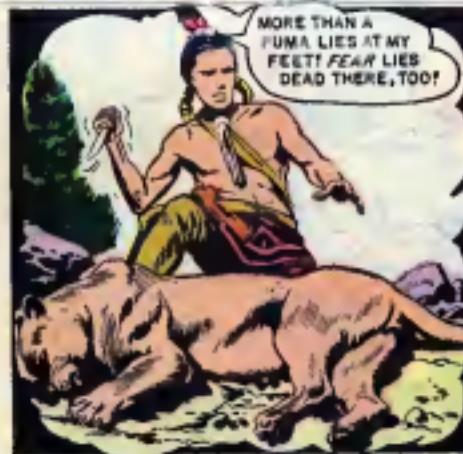
"TWO WEEKS LATER, I WAS WELL ENOUGH TO GO OUT AND HUNT.



"A FEW DAYS LATER, I WAS TRACKING A DEER ALONE . . .







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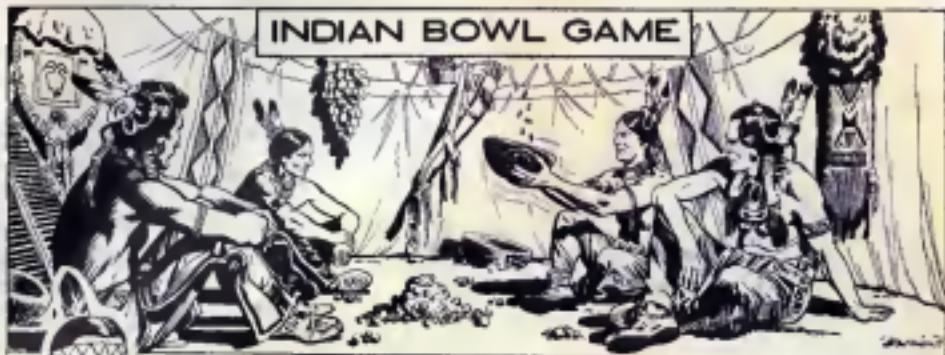
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"AFTER TossING THE BASKET OF PITS, THE PLAYER GETS ONE POINT FOR EACH OF THE PITS THAT LANDS WITH THE PAINTED SIDE UP.



"HE TAKES PEBBLES FROM A PILE IN THE CENTER TO MARK HIS SCORE AND PASSES THE BOWL WITH THE PITS TO A PLAYER ON THE OTHER TEAM.



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H.

